E. Pauline Johnson in "The Cry of an Indian Wife."

# *MISS E. PAULINE JOHNSON,*

*The Mohawk Indian Poet-Reciter*

For Terms, Dates and further particulars regarding Miss Pauline Johnson,

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A TESTIMONIAL FROM MR. J. E. WETHERELL,

Principal of the Strathroy Collegiate Institute.

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Collegiate Institute,

Strathroy, November 28th, 1892.

The annual entertainment of the Strathroy Collegiate Institute was held on Friday evening of last week. An attractive programme drew together an audience that packed Albert Hall to the doors. When the curtain rose nearly six hundred people looked with expectant faces for the first appearance of Miss E. Pauline Johnson, the Indian Poetess and Reciter. She had been well advertised. All knew her as the daughter of a Mohawk chief and a lady of British blood. Many had read her stirring poems in the magazines. As she stepped before the lights the applause that greeted her showed that she had her audience in hand from the start. Her handsome face has just enough of the Indian about it to remind you always of her origin, and her sinuous step as she glides over the stage carries your imagination to the stealthy movement of some ancestor of hers over dark forest paths. No misguided professors of elocution or deportment have been allowed to deprive her of her primitive attractions. She stands before you a daughter of civilization whose blood still thrills with the pulses of her father's race, and whose eyes, in occasional moments of dramatic fierceness, glare at you from a savage past.

Miss Johnson's numbers on the programme were "Beyond the Blue," "A Red Girl's Reasoning," "The Cry of an Indian Wife," "As Red Men Die" and "The Song My Paddle Sings." It would be difficult to say which of these selections proved the most entertaining. "A Red Girl's Reasoning," perhaps, displayed the reciter's histrionic powers to the greatest advantage, and then the fact that the clever actress was also the poetess roused the enthusiasm of her hearers to the highest pitch. "The Cry of an Indian Wife" and "As Red Men Die" are unique in our language as pieces of literature, and when they are interpreted by the author of them, a scion of the Mohawk blood royal, clad in all her gorgeous trappings, the effect may well be imagined. "The Song My Paddle Sings," given by Miss Johnson in boating costume, is a poem of a high order. Its varying melody and unerring harmony put the stamp of genius upon its author and her oral rendering of the piece last Friday night left nothing to be wished for.

I can heartily recommend Miss Johnson to the High Schools and Collegiate Institutes of Ontario. Her standing as a Canadian poet, her ability as an elocutionist, and her racial attractions, will draw a good house anywhere. Her presence with us last week helped us to clear nearly a hundred dollars for our Library and Reading Room Funds. No artist we have ever brought here has created greater interest or has given greater satisfaction. As Principal of the first school that has engaged Miss Johnson's services, I freely give the foregoing testimony in the hope that during the present winter many other High Schools may have the privilege of hearing her. The Berlin High School has already secured her services.

J. E. WETHERELL.

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